

Mike stands at the desk waiting. After a few moments, the receptionist returns with MARK TOPP, 43, the manager of the temp agency. Mark, dressed business casual, does his best to hide the slightly despondent look in his eyes as they shake hands.

MARK

Mike, Mark Topp, pleasure to meet you. So you're Dan's brother eh?

MIKE

Guilty as charged.

MARK

That's great. Dan's a hell of a guy. Anyway, let me get right down to it. You know how bad things are around here. We do get some small jobs from time to time. But there just isn't anywhere in the area that's hiring long term. Period.

MIKE

That's what I figured.

MARK

But, because you're Dan's brother, here's what I can do. I'll put your name at the top of the waiting list. That way when we get something, you'll be first in line for the job. Sound good?

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, that's great.

MARK

Alright, so no rush on the application. In fact, take it home, fill it out there, and bring it by later this week. And tell Dan I said "Hi".

Mike leaves the building, looking more dejected than ever.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mike pulls up to the house near dusk. Instead of heading inside, he goes to the garage door. Mike bends down, gets a grip on the handle, and then throws the door up. Inside is the garage is a large car, hidden by a fabric cover. Mike enters the garage.

INT. MIKE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Mike sits at a desk in the corner of the garage, filling out the employment application. The space is dimly lit, and tools litter the desk and shelves. Mike taps his pencil for a while, and then stands up and walks to the front of the garage.

As he walks, he runs his hand along the length of the car. Once he reaches the end, he turns and looks at a shelf, filled with racing trophies.

Mike takes one down and studies it intently. After a while, he sets it down, and then looks back at the covered car. He grabs the front of the cover, and then whips it off, revealing a black 1969 Camaro SS with racing stripes. He studies it, then glances back at the desk.

Mike walks quickly over to the desk. He takes the stack of papers, throws it in the garbage, and then heads inside.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike sits on the couch, holding the phone. He stares at the phone for a second, and then quickly enters a number. It rings four times. Just as Mike is about to hang up, a gruff voice is heard on the line.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION AS NEEDED

LESTER

Hello?

MIKE

Lester, it's Mike.

LESTER

Hey Mike, I was hoping you'd call.

MIKE

Listen, I was thinking about what you said the other day.

LESTER

Yeah? So what do you think?

Mike pauses for a second, then gives his answer.

MIKE

I'd like to find out more.

LESTER

That's great news Mike, great news.
I knew you'd come around.

MIKE

Now I'm not saying yes. I wanna
make sure there won't be any
trouble before I decide one way or
the other.

LESTER

Don't worry, there won't be any
problem as long as we do things
right. Hey, why don't you swing by
my place tomorrow? We can go over
some details.

Mike, phone still at his ear, looks very uneasy as he let's
out a sigh and scratches his head.

EXT. LESTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike pulls into Lester's apartment complex. The row of
buildings are battered and decaying. In front of Lester's
building, beer cans are scattered on what little grass is
there. There's a broken charcoal grill, and some rickety
lawn chairs. Mike parks his car, walks up to the door, and
knocks. Lester answers.

LESTER

Right on time, come inside.

Lester opens the door wide, and Mike follows him, wiping his
shoes on a rug.

INT. LESTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's dim inside Lester's apartment, and a bit hazy from
cigarette smoke. Sitting on the couch are HANK MAGSON, 43,
and JERRY PHILLIPS, 41. Both men are outfitted in flannel
shirts, and are unshaven. Jerry sports a greasy, tousled
hairstyle while Hank has a military style flattop. In front
of them on the coffee table are stacks of papers, including
maps, instruction manuals, and diagrams.

LESTER

Guys, this is Mike. He's gonna be
doing the driving for us. Mike,
this is Hank and Jerry.

Both Hank and Jerry get up to shake Mike's hand.

HANK

Mike, it's a pleasure.

JERRY

Great to have you on board Mike.

LESTER

Hank and Jerry have been working on this with me for a while. Jerry here is a wiz with electronics, and Hank's our guy for security.

MIKE

Yeah, well I'm just here to check things out, so no promises.

LESTER

Of course, of course. So are you guys good to go for a while? I was gonna take Mike for a drive and get him up to speed.

JERRY

Yeah, we're just gonna keep tackling the camera layout, make sure we got all the gaps right.

LESTER

Sounds good, I'll be back in a while. Let's go Mike.

Lester and Mike exit the room.

INT. - LESTER'S TRUCK, STREETS OF FLUSHING - DAY

Lester and Mike drive through Flushing, MI. The city is tired and broken-down. Houses are boarded up and abandoned. Litter lines the gutters in the streets. Lester and Mike start to discuss Flushing, as they continue to drive through the city.

LESTER

Man, this place sure is a hellhole.

MIKE

And it just keeps getting worse and worse. Seems like for every place out there that's hiring, there's three more ready to lay off.

LESTER

Yeah, no joke. Just think, six months ago we were both on the line together every day, earning a living a living and making ends meet.

MIKE

I didn't even mind putting in eight hours of hard work and sweat in every day. At least then when we went out to get a cold one after a long shift, we could hang our heads high and be proud of a job well done. But then one day, it was gone.

Mike snaps.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Just like that.

LESTER

Yeah, and it's not just us. People are losing jobs left and right. No one's safe anymore.

MIKE

I just don't understand why it's gotten so bad. How did things end up like this?

LESTER

You know, I asked myself that exact same question the day we got laid off. And for the longest time, I couldn't find an answer. But I then I got to thinking. Nothing just happens by itself. There's always a cause.

MIKE

So what caused this mess?

LESTER

It's hard to say. There's just so much wrong with this city. But I was more interested in what caused my problems. And the reason for my rotten luck was a little easier to pinpoint. Let me ask you, who closed down our plant?

MIKE

Oh what's his name... that suit
from Detroit...

LESTER

Charles Labash. He's the bastard
that decided to axe our plant and
put a lot of good men out of work.
And that's not even the worst of
it. Do you know what happened
after they shut us down?

MIKE

Haven't got a clue.

LESTER

He got a bonus for saving the
company money. 50 grand in cold
hard cash.

MIKE

Son of a bitch...

LESTER

You're telling me. It ate at me
for a long time. I couldn't sleep,
knowing that my misfortune was
another man's gain. I wanted to
find a way to get back at Labash, I
just had to. But that wasn't
enough, you see. Because, even if
I did hit him where it hurt, I'd
still be stuck in the same place
I'd started in.

INT. LESTER'S TRUCK, STREETS OF FLUSHING - DAY

Lester and Mike, still driving in the truck, are now in a
different part of town. The houses are bigger and nicer.
The grass is greener, and there's no trash in the street.
Lester slows down, flips on his blinker, then turns right
into a subdivision. A prominent sign announces the name of
the neighborhood as "Sunset Brook".

MIKE

Hey, where are we going anyway?

LESTER

Now hold on, I'm getting to that.
Where was I? Oh yeah, Labash.
Like I said, I wanted to get even
with him. But that wasn't gonna do
much to help me.

(MORE)

LESTER (CONT'D)

Unless there was some way to do both things at once. So I did a little checking up on Labash, his background, his hobbies that sort of stuff.

MIKE

What'd you find out?

LESTER

Nothing out of the ordinary turned up at first. Labash went to work every day, was a chamber of commerce member, and even made it to mass at Saint Mary's every once in a while. Everything pointed to him being an upstanding citizen. But Labash does have once vice that drives him to do some crooked dealings of his own.

MIKE

And what's that?

LESTER

Greed. Labash is slave to the almighty dollar. And that, is why were here.

Lester slows the truck to a stop, and then puts it in park on the side of the road. Through the windshield, both men can see an immaculately kept house. But the lights are off inside, and there's no car in the driveway. After a few seconds of silence, Mike speaks up.

MIKE

I don't get it.

LESTER

Just be patient. It'll make sense in a minute.

The men continue to sit in the truck. Mike has a confused look on his face, in contrast with Lester's confident grin. After a few more moments, a black SUV comes towards them from the opposite end of the street.

LESTER (CONT'D)

There he is, like clockwork.

The SUV pulls into the driveway in front of the house. It stops in front of the garage. CHARLES LABASH, 50, gets out of the driver's seat. Labash is smartly dressed in a fine suit, and there's not a hair out of place on his head.

LESTER (CONT'D)
That's Labash.

Labash walks out from the driver's seat and heads to the back of the SUV. He opens up the trunk, takes out a metal attache the size of a briefcase, and then turns and heads for the door.

LESTER (CONT'D)
Take a good look Mike. That little case there is the key to solving all of our problems.

MIKE
I don't understand. Is there something in the case?

LESTER
As a matter of fact, there is.

MONTAGE - LABASH'S GAMBLING OPERATION:

INT. LABASH'S OFFICE - DAY

Labash is sitting at a desk filling out paperwork in his office with a bored look on his face. The office is on a high floor of a skyscraper in Detroit, with view of the city.

LESTER (V.O.)
You see, even with all the money he makes at work, it still isn't enough for Labash.

INT. SPORTS BETTING ROOM - NIGHT

Labash is sitting in a room outfitted with leather couches, holding a glass of scotch. Several plasma screen televisions, showing sports games, hang from every wall in the room. In one corner of the room is a booth with protective glass and a microphone. Multiple men in fine suits hand stacks of cash to the BOOTH ATTENDANT, and receive a receipt in return. A different WELL DRESSED MAN pats Labash on the back and shakes his hand.

LESTER (V.O.)
So each weekend, he runs a little underground betting pool with some of his friends. High class guys, with six figure incomes.

INT. LABASH'S HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Labash, at a desk with a computer, takes out the metal attache and sets it on the desk. He takes a small key, unlocks the attache, and starts to count the money inside.

LESTER (V.O.)

Every Monday, he brings home his take from the weekend, probably to check it against the books. The money is there for one night.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

Labash, carrying the metal attache, enters an office. Inside is an ACCOUNTANT, a small, fat, balding man who's wearing too much gold jewelry. Labash hands the case to the accountant, and shake hands with him.

LESTER (V.O.)

The next morning he delivers it to his accountant, who washes the money clean.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LESTER'S TRUCK, STREETS OF FLUSHING - DAY

LESTER

It's that case that I want Mike. So next Monday, I'm gonna steal it, and take Labash for all he's worth. We've been working on this for months. Following Labash, planning the break-in and what we'll do with the money after. There's still a few details left, but it's nothing we can't handle.

MIKE

Shit man, I had no idea you wanted to do something this big. And you're sure you can pull this off?

LESTER

There's no doubt in my mind I can. The only thing that's missing...

Lester starts up the truck and puts it into gear.

LESTER (CONT'D)

... is the getaway driver.

EXT. LESTER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lester and Mike pull up in front of Lester's apartment. They both get out of the truck, and start to talk.

LESTER

So what's it gonna be?

Mike runs his hands through his hair and scratches the back of his head.

MIKE

I can't do it. Things are bad, but this is serious. If something went wrong, I could go down for a long time.

LESTER

Look, I know this isn't your thing, I understand. But I've looked at this from every angle. As long as we stick to the plan, everything will be fine.

MIKE

I'm sorry, you're gonna have to find someone else.

LESTER

I've tried, but there's no one else. I need a driver I can trust, and you're the only one I know can do the job.

MIKE

I just don't wanna take a risk like this.

LESTER

Well, sooner or later you're gonna have to take a chance on something. I've played my hand, it's your move now.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Angela is in the kitchen, angrily rummaging through the cabinets and drawers. She perks up as a door slams, and Mike enters the room.

MIKE

What are you looking for?